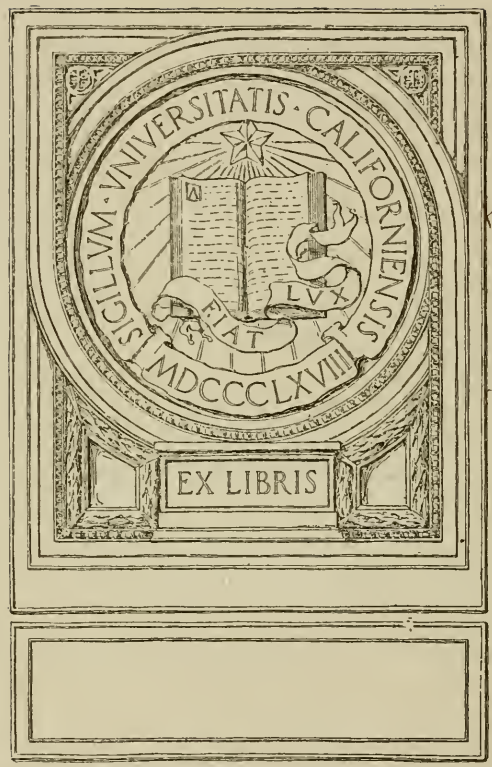
UC-NRLF
B 4 235 828

RALE

HAROLD GODDARD


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

MORALE

HAROLD GODDARD

MORALE

BY

HAROLD GODDARD

"Great things are done when men and mountains meet"

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

1121
91

COPYRIGHT, 1918,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

[illegible]

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author is indebted, for permission to make quotations, to the publishers of the following works: *High Adventure,* by James Norman Hall, Houghton Mifflin Company; *A Student in Arms,* by Donald Hankey, and *Under Fire,* by Henri Barbusse, E. P. Dutton & Company; *Carry On,* by Coningsby Dawson, John Lane Company; *Young Soldiers of France,* by Maurice Barrès, The Atlantic Monthly Company; "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" (from *Poems by Alan Seeger,* Copyright, 1916), Charles Scribner's Sons.

396684

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	MORALE	11
II.	THE PRELIMINARY MORALES	23
	The Morale of Health	
	The Morale of Gregariousness	
	The Morale of Humour	
III.	THE MAJOR MORALES	38
	The Morale of Pugnacity	
	The Morale of Adventure	
	The Morale of Work	
	The Morale of Communal Labour	
	The Morale of Revenge	
	The Morale of Justice	
	The Morale of Affection	
IV.	THE COMPOSITE MORALES	74
	The Morale of Pride	
	The Morale of Victory	
	The Morale of Sport	
	The Morale of Fatalism	
	The Morale of Reason	
V.	THE SUPREME MORALE	91
	The Morale of Creation	
VI.	SEX AND MORALE	100
VII.	MORALE AND RECONSTRUCTION	111

MORALE

MORALE

CHAPTER I

MORALE

Morale is a war word, but its mission will not end with the war. Life is a battle, and the inspired men of all ages have seen that to understand peace we must first understand war. War is the metaphor that unlocks the secret of peace. From the Iliad down, battles and Bibles have gone hand in hand. It was the greatest apostle of peace that ever lived who said, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." And a more recent seeker of the same ideal has shown us that genuine peace must be war's nobler "equivalent." The old struggle of men to subdue men must be converted into the new struggle of man to subdue nature—and his own animality. Poets and philosophers are at one upon this point.

Wert capable of war—its tug and trials? Be capable
of peace, its trials;

For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in peace—not war.

So cries our great American prophet of democracy, Walt Whitman. Can we stand the test? On the answer depends the question whether the war has been fought in vain. How to carry over into the pursuits of peace something of that intensity of spirit, that devotion, that willingness to sink the personal in the common good that comes to be taken for granted in time of war: that is the problem.

"Morale will win the war." How many times, during the last four years, did we come back to that statement! We said that men would win the war; that shells would win the war; that ships would win the war; that food would win the war. But we did not mean that these things would win the war themselves. We meant that they had everything to do with the thing that would win the war. Men, in millions, were necessary to hold the line and to attack. But a few men bent on victory are worth many without fighting spirit, and numbers frequently count for less in themselves than for the feeling of freedom and reserve power they impart. Shells were essential to destroy life and material; but they were still more essential to shat-

ter spirit and instil a sense of helplessness. Ships were vitally important to transport soldiers and supplies across the Atlantic; but the best thing they brought to France was enthusiasm and the consciousness that there was a continent behind her. Food was indispensable in a purely material sense; but here again it was not simply a question of starving Germany or keeping the breath of life in the Allies. It was a question rather of the relation of nutrition to the human will. An underfed man is an unstrung man. Back at the beginning of the struggle, Hindenburg was reported to have said that that side would lose whose nerve cracked first. He was right. *Morale has won the war.*

Morale will win us peace. How many times, during the days to come, will men try to convince us that something else will win us peace—some material achievement, some legal enactment, some economic program. Do not misunderstand me. These things will indeed be indispensable, just as numbers, and shells, and ships, and food are indispensable in war. But they will not be enough. Pile up the mere munitions of peace until they touch the sky, and without the spirit that is set on victory for civilisation and that will not take defeat—they

will amount to nothing. Only morale will win us peace.

What, then, is this subtle something upon which, in war and peace, all the rest depends? *What is morale?*

Morale is one of those things that everybody understands, and that nobody understands "The will of the country is unshakable," we say. "The spirit of the people was never finer." "The nation has supreme confidence in its leaders." "All along the line the men are on fighting edge." "The enemy is losing his nerve." Will, spirit, confidence, nerve, fighting edge: everybody knows what these things mean. But what is the common something back of them all? Where does it come from? Is it simple in nature, or complex? What fosters it? What impairs it? These are questions not every one is ready to answer. Yet they are questions, some of them, of supreme moment to both soldier and citizen.

This matter of morale, then, is worth looking into a little further.

Though you may never have heard the word morale until the war, you have long since been familiar with the thing itself. Whoever you are, you know, by sweet and bitter experience, the difference between two attitudes toward

your work, and toward life, which may be described as those of high and low morale respectively. They are as far apart as the east is from the west.

You bound out of bed some morning, for example, after sleeping soundly as a child, feeling all on tip-toe. ("Full of pep," is your expression for it.) The blood is jumping in your veins, and you go to the window and draw into your lungs a big draught of air. What does the weather matter? If the sun is shining, it seems as if it had never shone so bright before. If it is raining, the rain has an invigorating sound. (Even though the wet bids fair to upset some plan, it doesn't trouble you.) If it is cloudy, the clouds give a fine edge of uncertainty to the day, or act as a sort of challenge to your spirit to supply what they are trying to cut off. The day seems packed with delightful possibilities. So you waste no time getting dressed, nor over your breakfast—which, however, never tasted better—for you can't wait to tackle that problem which baffled you yesterday in your work, a way out of which has curiously enough leaped into your mind ready-made this morning. What a fool you were, you think to yourself, not to see a thing so simple! And you find, on getting down to it, that the idea works as well

as you expected. Everything, in fact, works well that day. Both your hand and your brain seem to do things without effort. Obstacles melt before them. And you have an unaccountably kindly feeling toward every one around you. Nobody rubs you the wrong way. If you encounter a bit of criticism, it comes easy to laugh it off. Or a man with a grouch, to set him grinning. Indeed, all day, though you have seldom turned off more work, you seem to have had time, every now and then, for a passage of wit or a bit of sociability. You come home at night, a trifle tired perhaps, but "healthy" tired —and your evening meal tastes even better than your breakfast did, which is saying a good deal. Unlike some evenings, you seem able, that night, to cast all thought of your work aside and devote yourself to having a good time. And you go to bed feeling absurdly happy and satisfied with yourself; but before you have time to think much about that or anything else you are fast asleep. Your morale that day was high.

How is it, then, that another morning, after much stretching and grunting and inner complaining, you slowly rise from that identical bed, feeling as different as if you were another person (as, indeed, you are)? No long breaths,

this time. And the weather, whatever it is, is wrong: too hot, or too cold, too moist, or too dry. "Rotten," you christen the day, to start with. And so it proves. You dawdle over your dressing if the clock permits; or if, as is more likely, you are late, you rush frantically through it. You are glum or grumbling at your breakfast—which is cooked badly and tastes even worse. You loathe the very thought of your work, and to make a long story short you come home at night physically and mentally exhausted after a day when everything has gone wrong, when everybody you have had anything to do with has been mean and selfish, and during which you have accomplished next to nothing. You swallow your dinner in silence, spend an hour over what you call the stupidest newspaper you ever opened, and waste the rest of your evening turning from one thing to another in a vain attempt to enjoy yourself. You go to bed disgusted with yourself and with the world, and to cap the climax can't get to sleep. Your morale that day was low.

Such are two days in your life. What is the secret of their astounding difference?

In one sense, any answer to that question is bound to be merely its restatement in another form; for the man who could really answer it

would have solved the riddle of existence. But that does not mean that no light can be thrown on it. One thing at any rate we can say, however much it leaves to be explained:

On the first of the two days, you arose with a surplus on hand of that mysterious fluid we call *life*. Your nature had stored up, or had succeeded somehow in getting at, more of it than was necessary for a perfunctory carrying out of the minimum demands of the day—with the result that you immediately felt that sense of freedom and elasticity that a comfortable bank account invariably imparts. Because you had this extra amount on deposit, it was a simple matter, even when the demand was big, to draw a check. Because you had this reservoir, you didn't have to worry over the day's rainfall. Because you had this storage battery, it was easy to turn on the current. You had an excess of spirit. Life over and above. Exuberance. While on the other day, whether through lack of supply or inability to get at it, your system, like a beggar, was living from hand to mouth, just contriving, one minute, to get together enough energy to discharge its barest necessities and carry it over, with great effort, to the next. Bent on maintaining mere existence, it had nothing left over for life.

These statements, I repeat, leave plenty of mysteries unexplained. But as far as they go, they are the truth. And they have this advantage over some other ways of putting the same idea: that they speak in terms of universal human experience. This ebb and flow of vitality in a man is a thing that calls for no demonstration. He can feel it. It is a fact as elemental as that the sun is bright or sea air bracing. But if any one desires further proof, let him look at children—or remember his own childhood.

When we were children, well nigh every day and every hour of the day had that quality that now belongs only to the rarer moments. And what a quality it was! What wonders there were, then, to see and do! Yet we were equal to them. For then—not figuratively but literally—we were bursting with life. As trees are in spring or birds in the morning. Childhood is the spring and morning of life. It is a beginning, and in virtue of that fact it is the state and period of superabundant vitality, of activity for its own sake and the sake of growth. Play, the most characteristic feature of childhood, is the spontaneous welling up and spilling over of that vitality. A child at play is a fountain overflowing. The quest for the

Fountain of Eternal Youth is merely the search for the secret of that super-energy which is the natural birthright of the child.

And here and there there are men and women who have succeeded in that quest in the sense that they have caught the secret of carrying over into later life something of the unquenchable spirit of childhood. We call such persons persons of high vitality—"live wires." I do not refer to those who possess mere robustness and good health, physical well-being in the ordinary sense, and still less to those who have only that counterfeit of high vitality, excitability. I refer to men and women who, when their cup of life was filled, seem to have had it filled to overflowing—with the result that they are scarcely able to hold the life they contain. It shines from their eyes. It gives expression to their faces. It imparts erectness and grace to their bodies, vivacity to their movements, clearness to their voices, imagination to their thinking, a quality of decision to all their acts. Activity does not seem to tire them; obstacles melt before them; there is firmness of will in everything they do or say. Life comes easy to them because they have such a fund of vitality with which to meet it. They are full of resourcefulness, initiative, invention. And they

not only have vitality: they radiate it. If they are men, they have magnetism. If they are women, they have charm. As the supreme art of the world shows, the race adores these qualities. There is something divine about them. They are the expression of joy. Their possessors have kept the power to make imagination dominate fact beyond the dead line of youth. They are men and women of permanently high morale.

At the opposite extreme from these happy beings are the persons of low vitality—so different that they might almost belong to another species. Their eyes and faces are expressionless or weary. Their voices tired. Their actions listless. They waste much time in doing nothing. The slightest obstacle seems sufficient to stop or to retard their activity. The world, whatever the reason and whether or not they are to blame, is too much for them. They are "dead ones." Their morale is low.

Between these extremes lie the majority of mankind—the men and women of average vitality, the class to which you and I, in all probability, belong. We, too, it is true, have our fits of the blues. We know the meaning of low vitality. But as has been hinted, we have also our days of energy, our moments of inspira-

tion, when we get an inkling of what high vitality is like. Generally, the bread-and-butter demands of the day consume a good share of whatever energy we have succeeded in accumulating. But occasionally supply clearly exceeds demand, and then—as certainly as the lake whose outlet is smaller than its inlet overflows —one of two things happens: either we dissipate it senselessly as fast as it comes in, or else —*we pass to the level of high morale.*

Quantity of life: that, reduced to its simplest terms, is the measure of morale. Excess of life: that is the nature of high morale. Of peace morale, I mean. And war morale, I believe it will be found, is measured in the same way and made of the same stuff. War morale is of many kinds and its primary types unite to form the most various and complicated combinations. But it will always be found in the end to consist of life over and above ordinary life. The problem, therefore, of raising or holding a soldier or a citizen, an army or a nation, to a level of high morale is nothing, at bottom, but that of imparting more vitality, surplus energy, superabundance of that mysterious elixir we call life.

CHAPTER II

THE PRELIMINARY MORALES

The Morale of Health

The common name, whether in peace or war, for a moderate degree of this superfluous energy is simply health. A healthy man *is,* in very virtue of his health, a man with a supply of life somewhat at least beyond ordinary demands; he is a man with a reserve force of muscular and nervous vigour. We have fallen into the habit, it is true, of using the word "health" in a negative sense to indicate the absence of ailment or disease; and we often call ourselves in good health when what we mean is merely that we have succeeded in avoiding sick beds, doctors, and actual pains. This is a pretty pitiful kind of health. The genuinely healthy man on the other hand is a man who is aware of a positive and fresh physical vigour; who tastes fairly continually, even though only in moderate degree, the pleasures of that state

which in fuller measure we have described as high vitality.

Now the mental attitude attendant upon this condition—which may be called *the morale of ordinary health*—is the foundation upon which the fighting morales proper are erected. Health will not make a fighter in itself. But to make one without it calls for heroic qualities. Not that it cannot be done. In war far oftener than in peace we have the spectacle of life in burning intensity in the frailest and most shattered bodies. But these are exceptions that must not be counted on. Health, in general, is a prerequisite of high morale.

Hence the immense attention, in the training of an army, to the "condition," bodily and mental, of the soldiers. Proper exercise, good food, abundant sleep, mental diversion, an atmosphere of cheerfulness, a sense of relief about the "folks at home": these things are necessary, of course, as preparations for the sheer physical demands of marching, digging, building, fighting. But they are also necessary for the purpose of keeping the soldiers happy and contented, and they produce, just of themselves, a sort of minimum or negative morale, which, while insufficient for carrying through a great war, is quite sufficient to ensure the perform-

ance of thousands of its incidental tasks, and supplies the raw material for something more.

Nor does this factor of health lose its importance even when this something more has been added to it. How far that is from being the case has seldom been more forcibly put than by the French ace of aces, Lieutenant René Fonck, in an interview with *La Guerre Aerienne.* "One must be in constant training," says Lieutenant Fonck, discussing the secret of success in aerial combat,

"One must be in constant training, always fit, always sure of oneself, always in perfect health. Muscles must be in good condition, nerves in perfect equilibrium, all the organs exercising naturally.

"Alcohol becomes an enemy—even wine. All abuses must be avoided. It is indispensable that one goes to a combat without fatigue, without any disquietude, either physical or moral.

"It must be remembered that combats often take place at altitudes of twenty to twenty-five thousand feet. High altitudes are trying on one's organisms. This indeed is, at bottom, the reason that keeps me from flying too continuously. And I never fly except when in perfect condition. I am careful to abstain when I am not exactly fit. Constantly I watch myself.

"It is necessary to train as severely for air com-

bats as for any other athletic contest, so difficult is the prize of victory. Yet if one finds oneself in prime condition, all the rest is play."

"Keep fit." Those two familiar words, then, sum up *the morale of health,* the first of the great preliminary morales. The morale of health concerns the soldier primarily as an individual. There is a second great preliminary morale that concerns him as a member of society.

The Morale of Gregariousness

Man is a creature of the herd and clan, in many respects the supreme biological example of that access of power that any species attains when large numbers of it are able to act as one.

Animal life affords the simplest illustrations of this power. The moment prey is scented and the hunt is under way, the wolf sinks his individuality in that of the pack; the moment danger is detected, the sheep ceases to be a single sheep and becomes a member of the flock. In both cases the group can accomplish feats wholly out of the range of its individual members. All of which helps to explain why thousands upon thousands of years of gregarious life have given man a profound dread of loneliness, a profound

sense of security and content in the presence of large numbers of his own kind. Quite apart from material advantages, he seems to draw life from his fellow creatures, to thrive in their proximity, to pine away in isolation. Hence he congregates in villages and cities, preferring even slums to solitude. Hence he loves the street, the market-place, the assembly: throngs, fairs, festivals, processions. Hence he is a creature of fads and fashions, a follower of custom and convention, a victim of rumour and panic.

In time of peace he takes his membership in a community largely for granted. But in time of war he becomes alertly aware of it: his always strong instincts of imitativeness, conformity, and obedience grow even stronger; his impulse to follow the leader, to go with the crowd, becomes the mainspring of all his action. And these tendencies are enormously intensified, if to the vague feeling of fear that war always brings there be added the element of imminent bodily danger, or, what is rarer in these days, actual lust for blood and conquest. Then the craving for the strength and safety that lie in numbers becomes unquenchable. Whatever their degree, it is these forces of contagion and cohesion which, spreading through a people,

alone render possible the welding of whole nations into mighty fighting machines. It is these forces, therefore, and the mental condition that attends them, that on the social side—like physical fitness on the individual side—give rise to the second great preliminary morale of war: *the morale of gregariousness.*

It is this morale of gregariousness that explains the immense initial advantage that autocracies have over democracies in the prosecution of war. ("Armies," said Napoleon, "are monarchical, through and through.") For a democracy, by definition, is a community in which the herd spirit has begun to break down or be transformed, while war, which demands unity and unanimity above all things, calls largely for a return to herd psychology. However partial and inadequate such a description may be, a nation on the brink of war bears more than a superficial resemblance to a herd of cattle huddling together at the scent of danger or to a pack of wolves setting out in search of prey, or, more often, to a mixture of the two. These may not be pleasant facts to face, and it is easy by the use of fine words to avoid facing them. But the man who refuses to face them might just as well give up, once for all, the hope of understanding the phenomena of morale.

Nor is there, when we stop to think, anything humiliating in these facts. Gregariousness is neither good nor bad in itself. If it is allied with the most brutal part of our nature, with cruelty and fear, it is connected just as truly with its divinest part, with unselfishness, loyalty, co-operation—all the forces, in fact, that lead men to join hands, and hearts, and heads. The citizen or soldier who frankly recognises that war calls for a return to herd psychology and who understands the biological background of war morale will cheerfully accept, and turn to higher account, abridgements of his personal liberty which the man who has never philosophised on these matters will only chafe under and resent.

Now if the herd instinct runs through a whole people in time of war, it is little wonder that it appears in concentrated form in the members of the actual fighting force, in the army, which is war's visible instrument. The creation of an army, indeed, is, in no small measure, simply the process of accentuating all the factors that make for gregariousness and of eliminating all those that make against it. It is a process of eradicating differences, shaving down individualities, levelling distinctions, getting rid of exceptions, to the end that an organism may be

built up with the power of acting as a whole. It is a process, figuratively as well as literally, of putting men in *uniform.* This loss of individuality impresses the recruit as does nothing else when he begins training. The fixed routine, the drilling, the saluting, the marching and countermarching; the insistence on erectness of carriage, neatness of appearance, perfect alignment, punctuality, exactness, utter obedience; the prominence of rank and military insignia with the corresponding idea of subordination: all these things, and a thousand others, enhance the sense that the individual is nothing, that the group is all. And this sense in turn tends to unlock vast storehouses of buried power inherited from a time when the man was indeed lost in the pack or clan. When to all this is added the more distinctively human gregariousness and sociability that results from eating, sleeping, and working with immense numbers of one's fellow men, it is easy to see why army life, just as army life, should go far toward keeping the soldier's energy strong, his spirits high.

(It ought to be plain by this time that gregariousness is to a large extent identical with discipline, and even where it is not identical with it it is the raw material of which it is made.

The morale we are discussing, accordingly, might almost be called *the morale of discipline.* But discipline is an elastic and ambiguous term, and only in its lower sense is human discipline synonymous with the discipline of the herd. There is a higher discipline of which we shall speak in a later connection.)

However much may remain to be added to it, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of this subordination of the individual to the group as the foundation of morale. It is this instinct of gregarious discipline, more than anything else, that made the German army what it was at the outbreak of the war: the most marvellous welding of human beings into a human machine that the world had ever seen. "The sole purpose of the drilling ground," says a high German authority, "is to achieve order. If the spirit of *order* exists in a troop, it is possible to do anything with it; without order nothing is possible." The Prussian ideal of military training was the ruthless carrying to the limit of that emphasis on the gregarious which, in milder measure, is the condition of existence of any military organisation. Under its blood and iron discipline the individual soldier became an automaton responding, by a reflex action ingrained through endless practice, to the given

signal. The goose-step was a fitting symbol of this discipline. The incredible mass-courage of the German unit when attacking in dense formation was its supreme achievement. An excessive mechanical rigidity, a helplessness in the novel situation, an inordinate susceptibility to "suggestion" and so to panic and stampede, were its dangers and limitations. Prussian psychology was sound in seeing in the herd instinct the basis of military discipline. But with characteristic "thoroughness" it overreached itself in driving this idea to the bitter end to the neglect of other powerfully important factors.

For an army does not consist of mere numbers. It consists of numbers united for a common work and up to a certain point, where the heart of the people is in the war, by a common will. And this adds an entirely new element to the situation. There is something animating in a crowd just of itself. But there is something exciting, even intoxicating, in a crowd stirred by a single idea or bent on a single purpose. It is as if, under such circumstances, there emerged, by some magical process of multiplication, life in far greater abundance than the sum of the separate lives that meet together. Psy-

chologists have written much of "mob" psychology; yet the wisest of them cannot tell how far the uprush of spirit that attends the union of many human wills is a resurgence of vitality from buried memories of race experience and how far it is something comparable to an actual increase in pressure in the mental atmosphere. Doubtless it is both. At any rate it is an excess of life: an excess that increases with the intensity of conviction back of it, and which, in extreme form, we are likely to call madness or inspiration according as we disapprove or approve of the purpose of which it is the expression. Where this purpose is mainly a matter of instinct and emotion and where it has spread chiefly through pressure of suggestion, it can be largely accounted for in terms of the biological past. But where there is in it an element of thought and reason, where it is the result, even in part, of deliberate choice and genuine intellectual consent, the case is different. We are dealing then with something which, though it may have come out of gregariousness, has evolved beyond it. We have passed into the sphere of something more complex; in the case of war to the level of a more positive and powerful morale. To this we will return at the proper time. At present we are speaking only of a

gregariousness that has no necessary connection with the meaning or purpose of the war in which it is enlisted.

The morale of an army is a product of the morales of the individuals that make it up: but the morale of the individual in turn is profoundly affected by the morale of his human environment. The thing works both ways. It is a sort of fusion, therefore, of the two great preliminary morales of health and gregariousness that makes up the undertone of morale of an army, a regiment, or a company.

In camp and barracks, as everywhere else, the vitality of the man with excess of life will overflow and the atmosphere will have a lively character, or the opposite, according as there are many men, or few men, or no men, of this type. Where there are many, there will be gayety and geniality in the air: singing and whistling; wit and banter; jokes and stories. There will always be some one, as the vivid phrase has it, to "start something." And the best thing that these leading spirits start will be just waves of cheerfulness that spreading out will turn the mere gregariousness of the ordinary man into sociability, or will light the flame of fellowship in the man whose lamp

simply needed the help of a friendly match to kindle it. The immense importance of this element is attested by the emphasis laid on matters of entertainment by the Young Men's Christian Association and other organisations concerned with matters of morale. Theirs is a conscious effort to stimulate this quality or to supply it where it is lacking. Their philosophy is sound. Because man is a high-spirited animal and because he is a gregarious animal, high spirits are infectious, excess of life can be passed from man to man. In this simple fact we have the source and explanation of the preliminary morale of armies.

The Morale of Humour

The prominent rôle that jocularity plays in the matter of keeping soldiers in good trim may be seen by a study of military slang, in the innumerable articles, letters, and books that describe life at the front, or better yet, because more directly, in the trench newspapers: early ones like *The Wipers Times, The New Church Times,* or any of their legion of successors. Turn anything and everything into a joke—mud, wounds, vermin, the enemy—that is the universal rule. Take a random sample from a book crowded with examples, *Under Fire:*

"Where's that cook now that always found wood?" asks Cadilhac.

"He's dead. A bomb fell in his stove. *He* didn't get it, but he's dead all the same—died of shock when he saw his macaroni with its legs in the air. Heart seizure, so the doc' said."

And so on through a jocose account of the cook's coffin and funeral.

In large part, of course, this sort of thing is simply a defensive shell that the soldier secretes to keep out boredom and suffering and thoughts. But it often goes higher and assumes an offensive function. "Pretty well every man I have met out here," writes Coningsby Dawson, "has the amazing guts to wear his crown of thorns as though it were a cap-and-bells." Used as a spur to action, the power to keep on joking amid hardship and suffering is a spiritual possession of supreme worth, and humour in the face of adversity is only another name for courage.

"Great things are done when men and mountains meet."

To melt the mountain into a jest is not the least of these. There are few military assets that surpass the man whose wits flash brighter in proportion as the hour grows dark. To domi-

nate and subdue sordid and terrible realities by sheer overflow of comic imagination is a thing creative. The power to do it, though it may have come out of health and sociability, has transcended and is no longer dependent on them. The morale it embodies and gives birth to, accordingly, deserves a name of its own. We may call it *the morale of humour*.

But we are anticipating—for the morale of humour lies far over the threshhold that divides the preliminary from the main morales.

CHAPTER III

THE MAJOR MORALES

The Morale of Pugnacity

THERE are men who always, as we say, seem spoiling for a scrap. It is an error to attribute this invariably to viciousness of disposition. Occasionally it is that. Far oftener it is sheer excess of animal spirits. If it weren't for the fact that nineteen-twentieths of mankind are employed for long hours at exhausting labour, this problem of superfluous animal vitality would be an omnipresent one. Given a man of great physical vigour whose vocation does not begin to use that vigour up, and the question arises: What is to become of it? There it is; it cannot be stored up indefinitely; it must be worked off. There are a number of ways in which this may be done. But what one more natural than the method of personal combat? I use the word "natural" in its strict sense, "according to nature." For untold ages, ani-

mal and early human progenitors of civilised man, sometimes freely, oftener under compulsion, have consumed, not merely their excess energy, but frequently their last ounce of strength, in fighting. Pugnacity in man is an instinct with the sanction of centuries of the struggle to survive behind it. The fierceness of a million forgotten battles is in our blood. Civilisation is still only a thin veneer over this savage inheritance, an only meagrely successful attempt to suppress its passions and tame them into something resembling respectability. How slight the provocation, therefore, sufficient to bring them surging to the surface! Especially if they have never been entirely submerged. The two small boys on the school green who take off their coats, roll up their sleeves, and pitch into each other, suppose that the cause of their encounter is the dispute that led to hot words a moment before. But actually that is but the passing occasion of their quarrel. In a deeper sense they are fighting at the call of legions of militant ancestors in their blood.

In time of peace the public welfare demands that the instinct of pugnacity be restrained, or transformed into some more socially useful equivalent. But in time of war what was a social liability becomes a social asset. Men who

are spoiling for a fight would appear, by that very fact, to possess high war morale. And within proper limits of discipline, they do. Such men do not have to be drafted. They enlist. They smell the combat afar off. They long for "the joys of the soldier:"

"To go to battle! to hear the bugles play, and the drums beat!
To hear the crash of artillery! to see the glittering of the bayonets and musket-barrels in the sun!
To see men fall and die, and not complain!
To taste the savage taste of blood! to be so devilish!
To gloat so over the wounds and deaths of the enemy."

With Hotspur, they cry:

"O let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport."

To this temperament war is ever a kind of sublime sport. "Fresh and joyous war," as the Crown Prince called it. The prevalence of this attitude toward war among many of the Prussian military caste had not a little to do with bringing on the European conflict. Indeed, the Prussian doctrine of force is simply the instinct of pugnacity clothed in the garments of philosophy. But the temper I am describing is not confined to any one country, and after America en-

tered the struggle dozens of items from the battle front made clear that among the factors that contributed to the high morale of the Americans sheer love of fighting was not the least conspicuous. Youth and freshness are the general prerequisites of pugnacity, and husky young America leaping with vim into the fray with the cry "treat 'em rough!" came like a tonic to the war-worn nerves of the Allies.

Take, for example, the following from a story of the first assault of the Americans against Château-Thierry. And note its tone, even more than its content. "They can't hold us guys," the soldier-narrator begins,

> They can't hold us guys. When we git started we just keep goin'. All anybody says is jest 'Kill 'em, kill 'em,' and oh, boy, you ought to see our lads go to it. Our fellows are good three ways. First, they can shoot. They don't do what they call over here mass fire; that is jest bang away in hopes that a big cloud of bullets will hit something. Our fellows are trained to get their eyes on a German and then kill that guy.
>
> Then next our fellows are as quick as cats and they certainly move fast. And then next they are some handy with the knife. Believe me, our fellows are certainly some classy in handling this bayonet thing. The Dutch are slow and clumsy as baby elephants

compared with our boys. They seem to have had an understanding over here about fighting with bayonets something like the three up and three down style they always use in duels on the stage. The Dutch always make a head thrust at us and expect us to throw up our guns and parry. Well, we do that, but while we're a-doing it we kick 'em, and that kind of upsets 'em, and then we Adam's apple 'em and after that they ain't on the Kaiser's payroll no more.

And our boys keep on going. There at Chatty Teery the officers were making an awful holler about the boys running too fast and ducking right through the barrage and not paying attention to nothin' except spearin' boches. Our Colonel came over before we started, and he was most particular in pointing out a bunch of rock where he wanted our battalion to halt. The Major said 'All right,' that he would stop his four companies right on the line of them rocks, and then we started.

We got it right in the nose from every Dutch gun in front of us, but the boys jest yelled and laughed and away they went. Say, they didn't pay no more attention to the Major when we came to them rocks than if he hadn't been there at all. I went back to give him a message from my Captain and he was standing by the rocks, and up came the Colonel, and the Colonel rowed the Major for not stopping the battalion where he said, and the Major was madder'n a hornet, and he came right back at the Colonel and he said: "How could I stop them crazy, wild-eyed

sons of perdition? If that hog-faced Crown Prince and his whole Dutch army couldn't stop 'em, what could I do?''

Whatever was true of the other men who took part in that assault, there can be no doubt about the sheer delight in battle of the doughboy who gave that account of it. You feel his pulse leap in every word. You feel him fairly bubble over with joy—as if ''sending the Hun to hell'' were the supreme form of entertainment life affords.

Pugnacity in this extreme form, to be sure, seeking the battle out in advance and lingering over it in delighted remembrance when it is done, may be comparatively rare. But in the excitement and abandon of the battle itself the perception that one must either kill or be killed unleashes something of this same quality in many a man in whom it would have slumbered undreamed of, had war not come. Self-preservation, we say, is a universal instinct. We might just as well say that pugnacity is a universal instinct. For self-preservation is simply a pugnacity that it takes the threat of death to provoke. *The morale of self-preservation,* therefore, is simply the morale of pugnacity on the defensive.

But what begins as a desire to save one's own

life may end in something very different. Beware the fury of a patient man. Many a pacific citizen who thought he had only an abhorrence for war finds, once he is in the grim business, a kind of fascination in it. His sleeping inheritance is aroused. The savage in him awakes. He, too, sees red, and feels the fierce intoxication of letting blood. Doubtless he often surrenders himself to it gladly because it blots out the sense of danger and stifles fears and scruples. The world he once lived in becomes a blur on the outer fringe of consciousness. Lifted out of the life he has always known, he finds himself suddenly back in the whirling energies of an earlier and sterner time. The air around him is aswirl with strange powers. They are his without asking. He takes them out of the atmosphere without effort. He performs feats beyond his strength or skill. He has unlocked a storehouse of long buried vitality. His fighting blood is up. *

*There is a curious scientific accuracy, as is so often the case with popular idiom, about this phrase. Recent researches in physiological chemistry have shown that the emotion of pugnacity, whether as cause or result, is attended by an increased secretion of the adrenal glands. This secretion, among other things, causes a shifting of blood from the abdominal organs to the heart, the lungs, the muscles of the arms and legs, and the central nervous

The Morale of Adventure

There is another morale closely allied to the morale of pugnacity, grading out of it by imperceptible degrees, and yet, in its higher ranges, of exceedingly different character. We may call it *the morale of adventure.*

Why was it, when we were children, that the blue hills of our native landscape seemed to hide a country so much more wonderful than our own? Why did we long so to go down the curving road that led into a land we had never explored? What was the magic that pulled our footsteps into old wood paths, or that carried our imagination up the winding stream and around the ledge of rocks where it disappeared? What is it in the sea that puts fever into a boy's blood? What is it in tales of hidden treasure that sets his mind on fire? Or in stories of the old navigators—the Cabots and the Drakes —that starts such a longing to emulate them? What is the itch that in spring gets into the breast of even the most staid and conventional citizen to break away from the routine of life,

system. It stimulates, also, the coagulative power of the blood and quickens the recovery of muscular tissue from fatigue. Thus does nature make ready for physical combat.

to set forth, to travel, to seek new experiences? These feelings are universal. Civilisation can only thinly disguise them.

Like the instinct of pugnacity, the essence of the instinct of adventure is excess of animal life and its origin is to be sought in the experiences of savage man and his progenitors. But unlike the instinct of pugnacity, it contains mental and imaginative elements that make it an altogether higher and nobler thing. It, too, may be derived in a measure from the fighting history of the race (the more romantic part of that history), but doubtless it comes much more abundantly from its hunting and exploring exploits. It is what is left in us, in transmuted form, of the nomadic tendencies of our ancestors, and goes back ultimately to those migrations in search of food that begin at the very dawn of biologic history. The craving for fresh experience is bred into us from the remotest past. And adventure is only another name for fresh experience.

Now war, until recently, has been indissolubly linked in the imagination of mankind with adventure. It was the supreme adventure. This fact lifted it above sordidness, blotted out its horror, invested it with a halo of romance. It was allied in men's minds with the finest things

in life: with poetry, with love, with religion. Its philosophy was well summed up in the blood-stirring quatrain:

> "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

It is a commonplace to say that all this is changed, that modern war has become, in the main, a piece of intolerably prosaic business, "damned dull, damned dirty, and damned dangerous," as one fighter succinctly summed it up. There are hundreds of witnesses to this truth. *

"Instead of getting up in the morning," writes Coningsby Dawson, "and hearing your O. C. say, 'You'll run a line into trench so-and-so to-day and shoot up such-and-such Hun wire,' you'll hear necessity saying, 'You'll work from breakfast to dinner and earn your daily bread. And you'll do it to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow world without end. Amen.' They never put that forever and forever part into their commands out here, because the Amen for any one of us may be only a few hours away."

*The fact, whatever its significance, should be taken into account that most of these witnesses date from a time prior to the resumption of "open warfare."

"I was feverish, perhaps," says "Drew" in James Norman Hall's *High Adventure*. "If it was fever, it burned away any illusions I may have had of modern warfare from the infantryman's viewpoint. I know that there is no glamour in it for them; that it has long since become a deadly monotony, an endless repetition of the same kinds of horror and suffering, a boredom more terrible than death itself, which is repeating itself in the same ways, day after day and month after month. It isn't often that an aviator has the chance I've had. It would be a good thing if they were to send us into the trenches for twenty-four hours, every few months. It would make us keener fighters, more eager to do our utmost to bring the war to an end for the sake of those *poilus*."

But if Captain Hall, through "Drew," puts thus vividly the boredom of the average life in the trenches, his book as a whole, as its title *High Adventure* would lead us to expect, is an incarnation of the fact that romance, and even chivalry, survives in at least one branch of the service. From the pilot in its early pages who unknowingly seduced others into aviation by the way he looked at a Turkish rug, fascinating them "with the sense of height" as if he were gazing at a landscape far below him, to the old airman whom the author pictures, years hence, recounting his experiences in the Great War

until "the pity of it will be that, hearing the tale, a young man will long for another war" —from beginning to end, in a word, *High Adventure* is saturated with romance. The writer himself warns us that the book is bewitched. The "star-and-wings" on its cover is the appropriate symbol of its contents.

"They were all in the flush of their first enthusiasms," says Captain Hall of the American birdmen he had joined. "They were daily enlarging their conceptions of distance and height and speed. They talked a new language and were developing a new cast of mind. They were like children who had grown up over night, whose horizons had been immeasurably broadened in the twinkling of an eye. They were still keenly conscious of the change which was upon them, for they were but fledgling aviators. They were just finding their wings."

Or again:

"When I attempt to define, even to myself, the charm of our adventures thus far, I find it impossible. How, then, make it real to others? To tell of aerial adventure one needs a new language, or, at least, a parcel of new adjectives, sparkling with bright and vivid meaning, as crisp and fresh as just-minted banknotes. They should have no taint of flatness or insipidity. They should show not the faintest trace

of wear. With them, one might hope, now and then, to startle the imagination, to set it running in channels which are strange and delightful to it. For there is something new under the sun: aerial adventure."

But the air service, it will be said, is the exception. This is true. And it is true, too, that a large share of its fascination is utterly unconnected with war. But this also is only part of the truth. War—whether in the air or on the earth, on the sea or under it—breeds contempt of death and where there is contempt of death romance will not be utterly absent.

"I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair. . .

"[I have] a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous."

This sense of a rendezvous with Death would be sufficient, even were there nothing else to evoke it, to impart sporadically to all branches

of the service something of that sense of deep vistas and far horizons that is the continuous background of the aviator's life. And apart from the peril, war as a whole—even modern war with all its impersonal and mechanical quality, its endless iteration, its wholesale and long-distance slaughter—remains a great adventure in that it is a form of life radically different from the life of peace. As such, it is bound, at first at any rate, to appeal to the youthful thirst for something new.

Furthermore, whatever be true of its participants, the spectators of modern war, until it touches them too closely, will continue, in the face of all the evidence of its misery and horror, to regard it romantically, to grant its most dramatic acts and features the center of its attention. This may be irrational. It may be wrong. "It would be a crime," cries a soldier in *Under Fire,* "to exhibit the fine side of war, even if there were one." But whatever the ethics of it, the persistence of the romantic attitude toward war is signal proof of the mighty sway that the sense of adventure still holds over the imagination of mankind. That sway will never be broken. Whether the horrors of the Great War, however, will transfer its object from war to something else will depend on

whether peace can be made to offer something equally exciting and exacting.

The Morale of Work

The commonest outlet for superfluous human energy is simply the making of something with the hand. It was this tendency to extend his personality by using and shaping the stick and the stone that raised the brute into the human being. Man is the artisan animal, and to-day, the moment his physical wants are satisfied, his instinct is, if he is normal, to turn his ingenuity to the shaping of something. The child making mud pies in the gutter, the boy whittling a whistle as he walks up the road, the youth launching a boat of his own construction on the stream, are examples of this inveterate tendency to invent, to build, to manufacture, upon which, as a foundation, the whole august structure of civilisation, with all its arts and sciences, is erected.

The mental attitude attending activity of this sort is, as we should expect from its history, one of extreme expansion and content. There is no happier man on earth than the genuine maker. If you doubt it, just notice the indulgences he will deny himself for the sake of the keener

pleasure of going on with his work. Compared with the thirst for work the thirst for alcohol is a mild inclination. In so far, then, as his work interests him and expresses his personality, mental or manual activity, in itself, is generally sufficient to keep a man in good trim. We may call this, in war as in peace, *the morale of work.* Or, if anybody prefers, *the morale of technical skill.*

The general planning a battle, the engineer building a bridge, the surgeon performing a difficult operation, the secret service man deciphering a code, the photographer attacking a problem in camouflage, the inventor trying out his listening device against the U-boat: ask any of these men, or thousands similarly busy, whether they are happy. You do not need to. Any more than you need to ask yourself whether their morale is high. However much higher that morale may be because of the connection of their work with war, it is high to begin with because of the intrinsic interest of the work.

"I wish you could see L——!" wrote a wife whose husband's war work was of this enthralling character. "You know how careful he used to have to be not to overwork, and how quickly his stomach would go back on him if he overdid the least bit. Well, he works twelve hours a day

regularly now—sometimes as many as eighteen —and I never saw him looking half so well. He says he hasn't felt so lively since he was a boy. And his stomach trouble has vanished! It's nothing in the world, I tell him, but because he's so tremendously interested in what he's doing. Whereas his old job, as you know, bored him half to death."

But what about war work that has no such intrinsic interest, that on the contrary is monotonous, or disagreeable, or exhausting (or all three together), that lacks even a touch of danger to give it spice and tension? Such work, in times of peace, we do not call work at all, but drudgery. And the drudge, whether he knows it or not, is the unhappiest of men, an incarnation of the state of low morale. His deepest nature tells him he would like to be one thing and meanwhile he is quite another. His will and his life are out of joint.

Yet somehow, in war, labour of this unskilled routine sort does not seem like ordinary drudgery; nor is the morale of soldier-labourers of this type necessarily lower than that of other military workers. What is the reason? The reason is that forced and unpleasant labour which would ordinarily be drudgery may take on the character and inspiration of genuine

work *when it is seen to be part of a larger something which the will of the labourer approves.* Owing to wrong industrial methods this is rarely the case in peace (where usually the only larger something the labourer pictures is a larger pay-envelope). But it is always the case in war, at any rate where the popular will is in the conflict. Thus: digging trenches hour after hour, day after day, is in itself drudgery of the lowest kind. But digging trenches to save Paris is another matter. Again: driving rivets, and more rivets, and yet more rivets, endlessly, is drudgery. But driving rivets against time in the effort to have a ship ready to carry troops to France on a given date may be work, even exciting work. These illustrations are typical. Nine-tenths of war all the time, and the other tenth nine-tenths of the time, is drudgery—but elevated drudgery of just this sort. It is exhausting labour, in itself generally meaningless labour, raised to a pinnacle of interest by its purpose and social quality.

The Morale of Communal Labour

This social quality, this sense of helping and being helped, of collaborating with vast numbers of one's fellow beings in an immense en-

terprise for the common good, is nothing, it will be recognised, but man's gregarious tendency lifted into a higher sphere, shot through with purpose, humanised, civilised, ennobled. It sometimes is not easy to draw the line between gregariousness and brotherhood, between docility and democracy, between servility and spontaneous co-operation. But the difference in each case is world wide. Needless to say, it is the freer type of association alone that gives rise to *the morale of communal labour. The morale of team work,* it might also be called: a sort of fusion—patriotism supplying the heat—of the love of company and the love of manual activity.

One of the most striking recent examples of this morale is the spirit that Charles M. Schwab has been so successful in helping to arouse in the shipyards of America. His declaration that "no man ever worked *for* me, though thousands have worked *with* me" expresses the ideal of communal labour, and coming from "Charlie" Schwab the workingmen know it is true. He is still "one of the boys" to them. Fraternity and hero-worship, in spite of fools who deny it, are akin. *The morale of hero-worship,* however, we shall speak of later.

The morale of communal labour is far from

being the most romantic and exciting, but it is perhaps the soundest, the most pervasive, and in the long run the most reliable of the major morales. "Do your bit." That trite but invaluable phrase from the early days of the war gives perfect expression to its spirit. Those three words, or the idea back of them, have held millions in the face of extreme bodily weariness to a level of efficiency. For a "bit" means a bit of "something." And if that "something" is something that the will approves, the bit itself becomes important. To feel that you are a real even if a small part of a tremendous undertaking, a cog in a great machine, is inspiring precisely because you know that on the doing well of your own little part will depend the doing well of the whole. Knitting socks, planting wheat, packing shells, unloading lumber: these are no longer drudgery, because each is an essential contribution to the great work made up of millions of such tiny contributions. On an enormously greater scale and with an immensely deepened seriousness, the psychology of war labour is the psychology of the husking bee. Its social character offsets its boredom. The bearing of all this on the problem of peace morale is obvious.

The morale of communal labour is of vary-

ing kinds and intensity. It ranges from an unreasoning, largely unconscious, almost mechanical satisfaction in being busy, under orders, in pleasant company, up through a score of intervening shades to a clear realisation of the social significance of the task in hand, its import for humanity and the future. But this last, though it begins only as a difference in degree, becomes finally a difference in kind and merits a characterisation of its own. This supreme form of the morale of communal labour will be treated in its place.

The Morale of Revenge

Even the most wanton precipitators of war always try to give it, in the eyes of the common people, a defensive character. This is a fact packed with significance. It is the hypocritical admission of the militarist that the morale of the man who is attacked is higher in its nature than that of the attacker. Defensive, and up to a certain point even retaliatory, warfare, it has long been recognised, belongs on a totally different plane from unprovoked aggression. The normal mind has nothing but contempt for the marauders of history, the pirates, the freebooters, the vandals, who, possessing physical

might, have set out deliberately, on the strength of it, to rob, to slaughter, to enslave. How different our feeling for the man who resists such aggressors!—who confronts them with the cry, "You shall pay for this!" or "If you pass here, it will be across my body!" Our contempt for *him* would come if he *didn't* say these things—and act accordingly. Revenge, where it is well grounded, is a primitive sense of equity. The first man—or for that matter the first brute creature—who, when attacked, instead of cowering, stood up and hit back started a flow of life that has kept steadily on until it has ended in two of the supreme human virtues: courage and the love of fair play. We say to-day of a cruel or unjust act that it makes our blood boil.* Small wonder, when such acts, for centuries, have kept the blood of our ancestors at boiling heat. The fierce uprush of spirit that comes at

* This is another example (like "our fighting blood is up" already noted) of how a bit of popular poetry anticipates the researches of physiological chemistry concerning the ductless glands, especially concerning the effect on the blood of an increased secretion of adrenalin. But as the physiology of the matter suggests, we should not neglect to notice the price at which the morales of pugnacity and revenge are purchased: the inevitable reaction that attends them. There is a limit beyond which a man cannot "live on hate." Ferocity passes into apathy.

a wanton attack, whether on ourselves, or, if we are men, on an innocent third party, is our inheritance from a past packed with resistance to cruelty and tyranny. For sudden and marked increase of vitality there are few things to compare with it in human experience. "I've heard of a Canadian," writes the author of *Carry On,* "who joined when he learnt that his best friend had been murdered by Hun bayonets. He came to get his own back and was the most reckless man in his battalion." A man—for a time—can almost live on hate. It is as if he who hungered and thirsted for revenge had no need of other food or drink. Such is the excess of life, the morale, of the man who is bent on vengeance.

But this is but a one-sided account of the matter. Like all the passions, when left to themselves, revenge is an enemy of reason. It does not know where to stop. It overreaches itself. It tends to run into the very thing it was originally intended to resist. It is seldom content when the wrong is righted (so far as a wrong can be righted) and a repetition of it rendered impossible. It goes on growing, generally, until it passes into a longing to make the enemy suffer, more even, if possible, than he has caused others to suffer. But if this be accomplished, a like determination is then engendered in the en-

emy, who proceeds (sometimes at once, sometimes years after) to translate that determination into deeds. And so the thing goes on, revenge begetting revenge, until, as in the senseless feuds of the Southern mountains that last over so many generations that their original causes have been forgotten, it ends in the mere mutual desire to tear each other to pieces.

"May the Great God in Heaven forget me if I forget for one instant the hellish atrocities that the German hounds have everywhere left in their wake. Such criminality must be crushed, until, in every joint and fibre of its being, it feels, a thousandfold intensified, the tortures it has itself inflicted. Every God-fearing man in this land ought to hold the thoughts of these things perpetually in his mind. Forget them? Never! never! never!"

The morale of a man in this condition is hardly high. He is in about as good shape for a fight as a man who is choking to death is for a public speech.

It is worth while, while on the subject of atrocities, to contrast with the foregoing the tone of the following cablegram from General Pershing to the War Department in Washington:

A St. Louis, Mo., paper recently received here, states that a Sergeant, one of fifty men sent back in connection with the Liberty Loan campaign, is making speeches in which he states:

"The Germans give poisoned candy to the children to eat and hand grenades for them to play with. They show glee at the children's dying writhings and laugh aloud when the grenades explode. I saw one American boy about 17 years old, who had been captured by the Germans, come back to our trenches. He had cotton in and about the ears. I asked some one what the cotton was for.

" 'The Germans cut off his ears and sent him back to tell us they want to fight men,' was his answer. They feed Americans tuberculosis germs."

As there is no foundation whatever in fact for such statements based on any experience we have had, I recommend that this Sergeant, if the statements quoted above were made by him, be immediately returned for duty here, and that the statements be contradicted. PERSHING.

Revenge banishes the sense for fact. The inventions of this Sergeant, however, are not so much specimens of revenge itself as dim reverberations which the presence of revenge in the atmosphere starts in a feeble brain.

To sum the thing up: if revenge, at its best, is something very like justice, at its worst it resembles sheer ferocity. Generally it is a mix-

ture of the two; and he is a wise man who can tell the proportions in which the ingredients are mingled in his own breast. Extremes meet. Justice is revenge grown to man's estate and tempered with reason.

The Morale of Justice

When that band of organised marauders, the German General Staff, let loose their obedient hosts over innocent Belgium, a wave of astonished indignation swept over the civilised world. As at the sight of a bully who attacks a small boy, the sense of fair play of mankind was aroused, and thousands of men and women all over the earth who detested war and would have had nothing to do with it under ordinary conditions cast their abhorrence aside in their burning desire to right, as far as might be, an unutterable wrong. To those who were the immediate victims of the crime and to those who witnessed it, this desire to undo it was in most cases deeply inwoven with a craving to see the criminal punished, even to the point of having a personal hand in making him suffer the same cruelties, or worse, that he had caused. Similar, if less intense, emotions were aroused in millions who witnessed the crime only in imagina-

tion; while among those who felt no flame of personal animosity against the Germans its absence was more often due to distance in space and deficiency in visualising power than to the moral superiority to which it was sometimes attributed. The point is, however, that sometimes with, sometimes without, the attendant longings for revenge, the German precipitation of the war followed by the German invasion of Belgium sent a great tide of *the morale of justice* from one end of the world to the other. The sinking of the Lusitania, to a lesser degree, did the same thing. Belgium and the Lusitania, accordingly, have become symbols of ruthless aggression, broken faith, shattered treaties, laws and promises set at naught. The morale they imparted to the enemies of the Central Powers outweighed millions of men upon the German side, for they gave to those enemies *a just cause.*

"A just cause": that, from the beginning of civilisation, has been reckoned a supreme asset for the successful conduct of war. Even the aggressor who scorns justice recognises and makes use of this truth. The Prussian leaders of 1914 did tribute to it in the scrupulous care with which at the outset they hid from the German people the facts of the origin of the war,

the assiduity with which from that time they strove to accentuate the belief that the Fatherland was surrounded by a ring of enemies bent on her destruction. The psychology of their propaganda was perfectly sound—even though their attempt to eat their cake and have it was doomed to failure. They understood the morale of justice. A lioness will fight to the last gasp to defend her cubs. A man will fight to the last gasp to defend his wife and children and the country that protects them and the rest of what he holds most dear—just as the man who understands and has faith in the principles for which his country stands will fight to the last gasp to defend them when their existence is at stake.

The Morale of Affection

Hatred for the attacker and love for the thing attacked—thoughts of Potsdam and thoughts of Tipperary—are generally so intermingled in the soldier's breast that it is impossible to distinguish them or to estimate their relative contributions to his fighting spirit; but where the latter emotion rises into clear predominance and becomes the factor that nerves his arm, revenge is too negative a term, and justice too abstract a one, to describe his mental attitude.

Indeed I know no word that will describe it. We might call it *the morale of sentiment.* But sentiment is a vague word, and we are dealing with only a special type of sentiment. We might call it *the morale of loyalty.* But loyalty fits only its less personal aspects. We might call it *the morale of patriotism.** But patriotism is at the same time too narrow and too wide a word. And so, for lack of a better phrase, I have chosen to call it *the morale of affection*—using the word affection as a sort of blanket term to cover a hundred shades and hues of the thing I have in mind, the common element in which is the presence in marked degree of some form of attachment or devotion.

Where this emotion is vividly personal and is concentrated upon those at home who are dearest—upon mother or sweetheart, wife or children—it might be called *the morale of love.* (This approaches the supreme morale.) Where it is centred, a little less specifically perhaps, on the many friends, at home or in arms, living

* If any one believes that patriotism is the essence of the highest military morale, I agree with him—provided I am allowed to define what I mean by patriotism. Patriotism is used at present in so many and such contradictory senses that it is utterly impossible to employ it with any hope of being generally understood.

or dead, who have made life delightful, it might be called *the morale of comradeship.* Or where it goes out, with a touch of idealisation, to some venerated officer, or general, or leader of the nations, *the morale of hero worship.* Where it gathers around thoughts of sacrifice and allegiance to the idea of right (running close here to the morale of justice), it might be called *the morale of duty.* Where it is associated with the sight of the flag, the sound of the national anthem, or thoughts of the beloved scenes or the glorious past of one's native land (passing perhaps into a personified image of one's country) —*the morale of patriotic sentiment.* Where it extends to thoughts of human suffering, embracing sometimes even the enemy, *the morale of pity.* Where it becomes identified with visions of God and the future life, *the morale of mysticism.* (Of another kind of religious morale I shall speak a little later.)

Each of these varieties of the morale of affection deserves a section by itself—some of them long sections. But their sources are so many, their shades so many, their combinations so various, that it is impossible to discuss them in detail. And so, at the risk of ambiguity and confusion, I let the term *affection* embrace a range of emotions all the way from a canting,

sentimental, lip-patriotism at the lowest (a counterfeit affection resulting in only a transient mock morale) to a genuine devotion at the highest to visions of heroism, nobility, and beauty. And in place of an attempt to classify them, I will set down a few concrete cases and examples.

Few war books are more saturated with the morale of affection than Coningsby Dawson's *Carry On*. It is present in it in a score of shades and varieties:

> You are thinking of me this quiet Sunday morning at the ranch, and I of you. . . .
>
> Things are growing deeper with me in all sorts of ways. Family affections stand out so desirably and vivid, like meadows green after rain. And religion means more. The love of a few dear human people and the love of the divine people out of sight, are all that one has to lean on in the graver hours of life.
>
> It's now nearly 2 a. m., and I have to go out to the guns again before I go to bed. I carry your letters about in my pockets and read them at odd intervals in all kinds of places that you can't imagine.
>
> For myself I try to analyse my emotions; am I simply numb, or do I imitate other people's coolness and shall I fear life again when the war is ended? There is no explanation save the great army phrase

"Carry on." We "carry on" because, if we don't, we shall let other men down and put their lives in danger. And there's more than that—we all want to live up to the standard that prompted us to come.

I wonder what kind of a Christmas you'll have. I shall picture it all. You may hear me tiptoeing up the stairs if you listen very hard. Where does the soul go in sleep? Surely mine flies back to where all of you dear people are.

In the introduction to *Carry On,* an incident is narrated that illustrates splendidly the kinship of bravery and pity:

During one fierce engagement a British officer saw a German officer impaled on the barbed wire, writhing in anguish. The fire was dreadful, yet he still hung there unscathed. At length the British officer could stand it no longer. He said quietly, "I can't bear to look at that poor chap any longer." So he went out under the hail of shell, released him, took him on his shoulders and carried him to the German trench. The firing ceased. Both sides watched the act with wonder. Then the Commander in the German trench came forward, took from his own bosom the Iron Cross, and pinned it on the breast of the British officer.

As the writer of the introduction remarks, "Such an episode is true to the holiest ideals of

chivalry; and it is all the more welcome because the German record is stained by so many acts of barbarism, which the world cannot forgive." The beauty of the chivalric morale lay precisely in the fact that at its finest it was a morale of the affections.

A shining instance of what love for an officer will accomplish is found in Donald Hankey's "The Beloved Captain" in *A Student in Arms*.

> There was not one of us but would gladly have died for him. We longed for the chance to show him that. We weren't heroes. We never dreamed of the V. C. But to save the captain we would have earned it ten times over, and never have cared a button whether we got it or not. We never got the chance, worse luck. It was all the other way. . . . A torpedo fell into the trench, and buried some of our chaps. The fellows next to them ran to dig them out. Of course he was one of the first. Then came another torpedo in the same place. That was the end.
>
> But he lives. Somehow he lives. And we who knew him do not forget. We feel his eyes on us. We still work for that wonderful smile of his.

Examples of the morales of sacrifice, of duty, of patriotic sentiment are so numerous that one cannot tell where to choose. Many of these are simply expressions of herd instinct in language

that does not succeed in concealing what is behind it. Others give utterance to something divine in human nature. The letter of the French mother to her only remaining son, in Canada,—often as it has been quoted—serves to show how war sublimates personal affection into something more austere and comprehensive. "My dear boy," the mother writes:

> You will be grieved to learn that your two brothers have been killed. Their country needed them and they gave everything they had to save her. Your country needs you, and while I am not going to suggest that you return to fight for France, if you do not return at once, never come.

But for concentrated intensity of affection—passing at times into mystical religion—scarcely anything the war has produced surpasses the letters of those young Frenchmen whom Maurice Barrès quotes in his *Young Soldiers of France.* I give only a few specimens:

> A grave moment is at hand. There is to be a bayonet charge. If I do not come back, one thing only I ask: may the tiny flame of consecrated forces which was in me descend upon those whom I loved and who loved me—upon all my comrades in faith and toil.

> I am proud of being a soldier, of being young, of knowing that I am brave and high-spirited; I am

proud of serving France, the land of my birth. Loyalty to the flag, love of country, respect for the given word, the sense of honour—these, for me, are no hollow, meaningless phrases; they ring like a bugle-call in my young heart, and for them, when the moment comes, I shall be able to make the supreme sacrifice.

I am determined to set free those hillsides, those tree tops waving rhythmically behind the enemy's trenches.

More and more, in the face of all those who have struggled and fallen, in the presence of the mighty effort which has been made, my thoughts turn to the France of to-morrow—to the divine France which is *bound* to be. I could not fight on, if I did not hope for the birth of that France, so richly deserving that men should kill one another and die for her sake.

But this war must not be sterile; from all these deaths there must burst forth new life for mankind. I think ceaselessly of the France of to-morrow, of that young France whose hour is at hand. . . . When war is over and I go home, I must be a changed being. I shall have no right to be as I formerly was—or the lesson will all have been in vain. Through the war mankind must be reborn, and is it not one's duty to be reborn first of all?

But long before the note of this last extract has been struck, the morale of affection has be-

gun to pass into the highest morale of which the human spirit is capable: the supreme morale upon which we depended to win the war, and upon which, paradoxical as it may appear, we must depend to put an end to war altogether.

CHAPTER IV

THE COMPOSITE MORALES

But before coming to this supreme morale, let us glance back.

We have passed in rapid review a number of the fundamental types of war morale. We have called them, in order, after an introductory discussion of health and gregariousness, the morale of pugnacity, of adventure, of work, of socialised labour, of revenge, of justice, of affection. But as the complicated nature of the morale of affection suggests, we must not take our classification too rigidly. Like all attempts to pigeon-hole life it does violence to the thing it seeks to understand, and, as has been hinted, the realities to which the various morales roughly correspond are by no means clear cut mental conditions, each set off sharply from the rest. On the contrary they tend to touch, to overlap, to pass into one another by insensible gradations.

An incident related by a correspondent on

the American front during the German retreat after the second battle of the Marne well illustrates this:

If German officers instead of telling their men lies about "American barbarians" would refrain from acts which produce a white heat of American hostility, it would be more to their advantage. The vast bulk of American soldiers are home men. Gentle and kindly things, recalling their homes in the west, appeal to them as nothing else does, and the awful ruin of the French homes past which they have been marching mile upon mile and hour after hour has seemed more distressing to many of them than their own losses.

They accept the ruin as inevitable, however, giving the Germans the benefit of the doubt, but when in clearing up these ruins they come upon indisputable evidence of Teutonic savagery, it has a very different effect. An American showed me a doll house which had been stamped flat under a German boot with the dolls laid around it, each with its face ground into the floor by a nailed German heel.

There were much more horrible things in the house —things beyond description—but the American rightly picked that out as most characteristic and most dastardly. With a look on his face that would have warned any opponent to keep his distance, the American said:

"The next damned German that tries to murder me

had better make sure that he makes no mistake about it."

Who shall weigh, in the morale of that utterance, the relative parts of love, of justice, and of revenge?

Nor is there anything inevitable about the names we have given the morales. They are no better, though possibly no worse, than others that might have been chosen. *Discipline, romance, team-work,* in place, respectively, of *gregariousness, adventure,* and *communal labour,* are a few of the alternative terms we have already suggested. Similarly, *docility* would be another near synonym for *gregariousness, professional knowledge* could be substituted for *work,* and *moral indignation* might stand for something midway between *revenge* and *justice.* And so on.

Nor, finally, is it pretended that the list is exhaustive—though it may be more nearly so than might at first appear. If you miss in it some morale with which you are well acquainted, ask yourself, before deciding that it has been omitted, whether it may not be present under another name, or, more likely yet, in one of the indefinitely many composite forms into which the more primary morales enter.

I can imagine some one saying, for example: "Your seven main morales are all very well; but you have calmly omitted what is probably the very strongest factor in keeping up the spirit both of the individual man and of the fighting unit—*the morale of pride.* Where would an army be without the soldier's sensitiveness as to his own reputation, his jealousy of the reputation of his company or regiment, his responsiveness to the esteem of his officers? Where would it be without the whole system of citations and decorations that is the outward mark of these appeals to pride? Honour and dishonour, glory and shame, these are the very stuff of which a soldier's life is made."

All this is true; and the morale of pride that is the result of these things is indeed of almost unsurpassed importance. But it is not true that we have omitted it. Like pride itself, the morale of pride is a variable and generally a composite thing, ranging all the way from one of the lowest to one of the highest attributes of human nature. However marked a character of its own it may seem to possess, its ingredients will be found among the morales we have already discussed.

The Morale of Pride

At its lowest, the morale of pride—though *pride* is then too good a name for it and *fear* would fit it better—is simply an aspect or outcome of gregariousness, consisting of little more than a dread of doing anything different from the rest of the crowd. The fear of being jeered at by one's fellows is not one of the noblest of human qualities, but it is one of the most universal. We scarcely admire the men who, in the days before conscription in England, were literally tormented into the army by badgering women. But we understand them. What is the use of pretending? At heart everybody knows that a big fraction of what on the battle line passes for courage is nothing in the world but gregarious fear. Fear of the opinion of others, fear of the condemnation of one's fellow men. He is a bold man into whose bravery this fear does not enter as at least one element. In the aggregate it is a tremendous factor in war morale.

But this fear may be like the fear of God—the beginning of wisdom. Sheepishness may develop into discipline. Dread of censure may evolve into self-respect. The question, "What

will the boys say if I don't?" into the ideal, "What the boys expect of me." The man who can put his finger on the precise point where these changes take place will be able to tell where the morale of gregariousness passes into the morale of pride.

But by the time it reaches this stage the morale we are describing is generally beginning to mingle with other morales. Mingling with the spirit of adventure (with a touch perhaps of pugnacity) it becomes a craving to do deeds of daring before the eyes of a watching world. With the love of work, to attain reputation or fame for skill. Uniting with the ideal of team-play, it is transformed from personal pride into pride in the achievement of the group—some dare-devil squad, some regiment that once saved the day, some division that is always held in reserve for the supreme moment. But as this joy in collective courage suggests, it is with the various morales of affection that it most frequently combines. Blending with love, it becomes the desire to make those at home proud of their soldier. With hero-worship, to emulate some beloved comrade or admired leader. With patriotic sentiment, to live up to or to add to the lustre of the nation's past. Patriotism is a kind of vicarious self-respect; pride is a sort

of self-patriotism. When Nelson said, "England expects every man to do his duty," he appealed to the pride quite as truly as to the patriotism of the men under his command.

But long before it has reached these levels, pride has ceased to be an adequate name for this morale. It has become *the morale of glory.** Extremes meet. Fear, pride, glory: strange as it seems these are three stages in the evolution of the same morale, three stages of that transformation of the animal, through the man, into the hero that is at once the most incredible and the most inspiring fact of life.

But pride in war like pride in other spheres of life has its dangers, and there is a type of pride on the battlefield as elsewhere that goeth before destruction. The war has given us many impressive examples of that fact. But none more impressive than the one at its beginning. It was undoubtedly a species of the morale of pride that accounted for much of the high spirit of the German army in the early weeks of the

* I am aware that the word *glory* is under the ban in some quarters as savouring too much of the falsely romantic conception of war. But words are what we make them. And certainly *glory* is too glorious a word to surrender to the devil of militarism or his twin brother the devil of sentimentalism.

war: gregarious pride in the huge Prussian war machine, the pride of success as that machine ground its way relentlessly toward Paris, patriotic and even religious pride in the belief that the Germans were God's chosen people. These elements made up a seemingly unbreakable morale. But this morale came to grief when it encountered on the Marne another and higher variety of the morale of pride: the Frenchman's imperishable tradition of glory.

The Morale of Victory

The mental condition of the Germans before the battle of the Marne—before both battles of the Marne in fact—suggests another morale that we may seem to have omitted: *the morale of success,* or, to give it a more military sound, *the morale of victory.*

In war, as in so many spheres, nothing seems to succeed like success. "Flushed with success," we say; and the phrase, again with curious physiological accuracy, well describes the rush of blood to the brain and consequent excess of life that comes when things are going our way. A sense of mental elasticity is the normal attendant of unhindered action. "In Transylvania and Roumania and in Eastern

Galicia in 1917," says a high German authority, "the troops displayed an ardour equal to that of the first days of war. The magic of victory enabled them to defy all the difficulties of the ground and all the inclemencies of the weather." "The magic of victory" expresses it exactly!

The chill of pessimism that ran through Germany with the fading of the hope of military triumph is the reverse side of the morale of success, showing the dangers that an excess of it entails. Faith, if it does not too far outrun the facts, is the most potent force in human life: the power that translates desire into satisfaction, hope into attainment, visions into actualities. But faith, if it does outrun the facts, is the most fatal force in human life: the parent of illusion, of dreams, of wrecks, of disappointment. On a false *morale of faith* that not merely outran but often had no connection whatever with the facts, the German war lords relied from the beginning, as their propaganda, their censorship, their war bulletins, show. They sowed the seed. They have reaped the harvest.

"The German morale," said the Basle National Gazette after the second battle of the Marne, "will be irremediably shaken by the Allied victories. . . . The belief in Hindenburg and Ludendorff animated

the whole German policy; it was the secret of its power. They have been defeated. The Germans have for generations been brought up in the idea that they are the strongest, and this belief formed the basis of their conception of the universe. If they suddenly find out that they have been mistaken, it is just as if the floor that supports them gave way."

These words proved prophetic. A morale of hero worship is a snare and a delusion if the hero turns out to be a thing of wood and clay. A morale of self-confidence that is based on ignorance and blindness is doomed to collapse when at last its eyes are opened.

The morale of victory, then, like the morale of pride to which it is closely allied, is not a separate thing, but a union and interaction of other morales. We might almost call it *the momentum of all the morales.* Gregariousness, pugnacity, revenge, pride, hero worship: all these instincts and emotions, and others we have mentioned too, are intensified and accelerated by success. Conversely, the low morale of defeat is the inertia of all the low morales. The attitude of the English, and to the surprise of the world of the French also, during the darkest days of the war was the reward of self-restraint. He who does not exult in the hour of triumph will not be depressed in the hour of

defeat. There was no bell ringing in Paris even after the battle of the Marne.

The Morale of Sport

The power of the English to take reverses gamely has often been attributed to their training in outdoor sport. This undoubtedly has something to do with it. There is a type of Englishman—and of American—who looks on war as if it were a sublime game of cricket or football. To the spirit animating such men James Norman Hall has given vivid expression in his "Cricketers of Flanders":

> Full sixty yards I've seen them throw
> With all that nicety of aim
> They learned on British cricket-fields.
> Ah, bombing is a Briton's game!
> Shell-hole to shell-hole, trench to trench,
> "Lobbing them over" with an eye
> As true as though it *were* a game
> And friends were having tea close by.
>
> . . . let some graven image tell
> Of those weird battles in the West
> Wherein he put old skill to use,
> And played old games with sterner zest.

Thus should he stand reminding those
In less believing days, perchance,
How Britain's fighting cricketers
Helped bomb the Germans out of France.
And other eyes than ours would see;
And other hearts than ours would thrill;
And others say, as we have said:
"A sportsman and a soldier still!"

Our games—the rougher ones like football especially—were devised partly as outlets in time of peace for man's warlike instincts. It is easy, therefore, in time of war to turn the thing around and work it the other way. A moment's consideration will show us the ingredients of the morale of sport: it is made up, in proportions varying with the individual, of pugnacity, technical skill, team-work, adventure, and justice. At its best the morale of sport is *the morale of fair play*—which is simply the morale of justice with the emphasis shifted from the background of law to the background of outdoor sport. "Play the game," is the slogan of this morale.

The Morale of Fatalism

Another morale that we have omitted only in name is *the morale of fatalism.* The stoic-

ism under suffering, the coolness under fire, of the man who believes that his life is ruled by a power over which he has no control is not hard to understand. If destiny has set the day of death, why fear?

As with most of the morales there is a high and a low form of this attitude. At its lowest, fatalism is nothing but a dumb and inarticulate philosophy of gregariousness: a feeling that the individual is wholly at the mercy of the herd—a pawn, a puppet. (A pawn, by derivation, *is* a foot-soldier.) Modern war, with its monstrous mechanism and incredible explosives, tends to intensify this sense from a new angle. Reproducing in miniature the tumult of primeval forces, it perhaps revives in man biologic memories of a time when life was even more completely than at present the prey of tide and tempest, of glacier and avalanche.

Translated into the language of mysticism, with destiny turned into a personal Deity watching over human affairs, the morale of fatalism becomes the morale of mysticism (already mentioned as a variety of the morale of affection): a conviction that God is above, that His protecting arms are about His child, that somehow, somewhere, all must be well. Fatal, in another sense, as this mystical philosophy is likely to

prove to human initiative in times of peace, there is something to be said for it on the battle line.

But religious fatalism, if we still call it that, is found in far more positive forms than this. Indeed it is often hard to distinguish between the man who fights with audacity because he thinks his hour of death is predestined and the man who fights valiantly because he believes himself the instrument of God's will and feels endowed with His infinite excess of life. The former gets courage from the perception that man is so little; the latter from the feeling that he is so great. The valour of the old Norse warriors, of the Crusaders, of the Japanese, of the Russians of the old regime, of the Prussian believers in the Super-Race, illustrates widely differing types of this morale. It is as various as the gods—and devils—back of it. At its basest it is a stark insanity of blood. At its noblest it is the supreme morale.

The Morale of Reason

Midway between the extremes of resignation and rapture, there is another kind of coolness in battle. There is a tranquillity that comes, not from an exaggeration of man's littleness or

greatness, but from sheer power to see things as they are, objectively, from the outside. The soldier who philosophises on the fact that the enemy is just as much afraid of him as he can possibly be of the enemy has an admirable basis for aplomb, as does he who considers that in battle it is more dangerous to fly than to fight, and immeasurably more dangerous to feel fear than to feel courage. Though it ought to be a very wide, I imagine this is a relatively exceptional basis of morale—for the philosophic temperament, rare enough in peace, is rarer yet in war. But an unconscious form of this same attitude, a sort of *morale of common sense,* is doubtless fairly frequent. In this form it may be allied to the morale of humour, and even more closely, in the veteran, to the morales of discipline and pride and professional skill. It is part of the soldier's *business* to be self-possessed—all in the day's work.

And yet, in spite of these kinships and of the place I am putting it, the morale of reason is, strictly, not a composite morale at all. It deserves a place among the major morales. I have not put it there, first, because of its relative rarity, and second, because, in its fulness, it tends to blend with the supreme morale. The superb imperturbability in the extreme crisis

exhibited by men like Joffre and Foch has its roots in their habits as soldiers. But surely it is more than this. It is a calmness that comes out of the destinies at stake. It is a consciousness that whether the future will be one thing, or another totally different, depends upon their will.

Though the list might be extended, perhaps a sufficient number of examples has been offered of the combinations into which the primary morales may enter and of the various designations that can be applied to them.

And not only may the morales have many names and enter into chemical compositions, they may also exist side by side at the same time in the same man; or give place in him, one to another, slowly or instantaneously, with change of location, occupation, or human environment. The war was witness to these truths over and over. The man who while he was in training had the morale of communal labour often found himself at the front filled with the morale of adventure. The man who, while on the offensive, fought under the morale of pugnacity, frequently fought, on the defensive, under the morale of pride or patriotic sentiment. The man who before he entered the serv-

ice thought his morale would be the morale of the most disinterested justice discovered himself, at the sight of some atrocity in the fighting zone, suddenly burning with the passion of revenge. And so on. Many a soldier at the front, doubtless, had flash through his mind in the space of a few seconds thoughts and emotions that ran the whole gamut of the morales: ferocity, exhilaration, hatred, pride; thoughts of outraged Belgium, of the people at home, of the flag, of some fallen friend, of the revered leader whose orders must be obeyed, even a queer sense of pity for the enemy and a dim determination that this sort of thing must end forever. "Good God—[I've] done it—what luck—poor devil." These words, of Charles Bernard Nordhoff, expressive of the sensations of an aviator at the instant of bringing down his first enemy machine, illustrate this rapid alternation of emotion at a crisis.

No two soldiers have precisely the same morale. No soldier has a morale to-day that is precisely what it was yesterday or what it will be to-morrow.

CHAPTER V

THE SUPREME MORALE

As has been abundantly evident, each of the morales, at its highest, tends to outgrow itself, to pass into a phase that calls for a new and nobler characterisation.

Thus, at the outset, we saw that mere health and high spirits may ascend into a humour with power to obliterate obstruction and defy death itself by imagination; that mere gregariousness may issue in a deliberate willingness to give up one's own life in order to purchase better life for one's fellows.

Animal lust for combat, likewise, may cease to be a matter of blood and muscle alone and become a matter of the mind and will: a setting of the face like flint, a determination, whatever the cost, to see the thing through, to let no obstacle impede, no defeat discourage, no weariness of the body sap the decision of the spirit. "My left has been forced back. My right is routed. I shall attack with the center." So

telegraphed Foch to Joffre at the Marne. Tenacity like that may have evolved out of pugnacity. But it is not pugnacity. And it calls for another name.

Again, something more than itself may come out of the instinct of adventure. That instinct begins as a blind desire to get away from the customary, to set out on the open road no matter whither, to behold new scenes, to explore unknown lands, to taste romance. But translated into action these emotions beget experience, and experience in turn begets reflection. What started, then, as a thirst for individual adventure may end in the perception that life itself is an adventure, a continually fresh experiment, an everlasting trying of new wings; that the search for democracy, in particular, upon which the world has embarked, is the greatest adventure humanity has ever undertaken, a leaving behind, in all literalness, of a world it will never revisit, a crusade into regions hitherto held inaccessible. What is even the thrill of the air compared with the exhilaration of such thoughts! The man who flies twenty-five thousand feet above ordinary men's heads tastes the joy of romance. But what of the man who soars even higher over ordinary men's imaginations? Yet this is whither the spirit of adventure leads.

It is a far cry from the lower forms of animal life crossing some frontier in search of food to man setting out in search of a celestial city. But the one has come out of the other.

The craving to make, whether with the hand or with the head, is capable of like development. The man who is enthralled with his work—with constructing this, with inventing that, with organising a third thing, or making a fourth thing harmonise with a fifth—may, with thousands similarly engaged around him, come to regard his work as more than something interesting in itself. He may begin to see it in relation to the products of other hands and brains, to understand that its value lies in its social significance as well as in its technical perfection, to view it, in a word, as a part of a great Work which humanity, however unconsciously, is undertaking. And in the same way, he who is impressed with the communal character of war labour, its team-work, its *esprit de corps,* its subordination of the parts to the whole, may, if he lets his imagination play about that idea, come to the vision of a new social order, wherein drudgery shall be lightened by being shot through with purpose and by being more equitably distributed, wherein ideals of

brotherhood and co-operation shall have larger place.

So, too, even with the passion of revenge, and with its civilised counterpart, the sense of justice. Where the horrors and suffering of war make the average man callous, they may stimulate a more sensitive man to thought; and what began as a personal passion to get even or as a desire to wipe out a concrete wrong, may grow into a hunger for a world where all things are "even" and where all wrong is wiped out; where greed, and violence, and ignorance are no more, where all men, so far as is possible, are given the same chance and everybody gets a square deal. But for such an ideal state even the exalted word "justice" is too cold and negative.

And the same transformation, finally, may occur with the various forms of affection and devotion. Affection, if it is genuine, ought to bear fruit, ought to pass from the region of the emotions into the region of the will. And at its best it does. The emotion which originates as a vague sentiment or dim craving for beauty in the presence of the flag may, by union with thought and will, crystallise into a glimpse of a coming world—and a moving toward it—of which the flag, if it is anything more than

so much coloured bunting, is the emblem. The love that at first centered in a narrow way about the dearest persons and the dearest things in life may emerge in the practical question: Why should not a life *full* of such things for *all* men be possible? The aspiration that gathered about thoughts of God and a future existence may be translated into the will to help bring divinity among men and to set up heaven on earth.

Without following the thing through in detail, the same is true of the loftiest conceptions of pride, of glory, of victory, of destiny, of reason, of play.

There is something common, then, in their higher ranges, to all of the morales. That common something is the thought, dim or clear, of a better world to emerge from the pain and bloodshed. In all the struggles against tyranny and for freedom in the past, that idea, though often vaguely, has been present. In the Great War of 1914 it emerged for the first time into a definite hope for another kind of life for humanity, coupled, in the finest and bravest minds, with the perception that the war could be made to hasten its birth, and with the determination to have a share in making a new spirit prevail on earth. The soldier who was inspired by such

thoughts unlocked the supreme storehouse of excess of life, achieved the last, the highest, the most unshakable of the morales: *the morale of creation.*

The Morale of Creation

Do not misunderstand me. In calling this the highest of the morales, I am not suggesting that all the other morales should have given way to it on the battlefields of the war. Nor even that they should give way to it on the battlefields of peace. That might be desirable, if it were possible. But with men what they are, only a fool would dream of any such immediate consummation. A world in which such a consummation were possible would be, once for all, a world in which war could not occur and in which the achievement of lasting peace would be child's play. For a long time yet the rarest things in human nature must go on being adulterated with things of baser quality. Every soldier and every citizen, whether he knows it or not, must work out that particular blend of the morales that best fits his own experience and need. But that does not alter the fact that the morale of creation is the best worth having, or that it is the morale that inspired the supreme

utterances about the war, the supreme acts of the war, the supreme spirits of the war.

We must not be deceived by words. Creative power knows all the languages: it can speak in the language of Christianity, or in the language of sociology, in the language of poetry, or in the language of science—or, often most persuasively, in no verbal language at all. But whatever the tongue, to the ear that has once heard it, its accent is unmistakable.

The morale of creation is the morale of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. It is the morale that has pervaded all the chief acts and utterances of President Wilson (his "make the world safe for democracy" is but a single example). It is the morale—for all Americans who shared President Wilson's spirit—under which America entered the war. It is the morale which, in a vast wave, swept over the world outside Germany at the Russian Revolution, adding more power to the Allied cause than all the confusion in Russia afterward, with the loss of the eastern front, was able to subtract. (People with no sense of intangible values will laugh at such a statement. But that will not alter its truth.) It is the morale of that great phrase—whosesoever it first was—that christened the conflict "the war against

war." It is the morale of what, for its brevity, is perhaps the most inspiring war cry the struggle produced: "Never again." The soldier who went into battle with such words on his lips, such thoughts in his heart, went with a morale that nothing could break.

That statement in its extreme sense is true of no other of the morales. There is a prolongation of fighting that will take the last shred of pugnacity out of the boldest and most robust of men. There comes a time when the longing for physical adventure is satiated, when flags and music (of themselves) no longer stir, when labour oppresses, when revenge burns itself out, when even love, if narrowly personal, is not enough. But the soldier or citizen who conceives his work as a contribution to a more abundant life and sets his will creatively to its realisation attains a morale that will not fail—for he gains access to that inexhaustible excess of life which a union of the human will with a vision of the beautiful invariably unlocks.

These thoughts suggest why, while it is the highest, the morale of creation is also the hardest of the morales. The hardest to attain, I mean. It is hard because it is of the future. The lower morales come easy—for they are of the past. Gregariousness and pugnacity are

of the past—they are in our blood from the experiences of a million years. Adventure is in our blood. And revenge. Even justice, communal feeling, and affection, if they are not in our blood in exactly the same animal sense, have back of them the sanction of centuries of human experience and tradition. They are "second nature to us," we say—and the phrase is vividly accurate. They come easy. The hands take up readily the ancient task. The feet find the beaten path. The wheels slip into the old ruts. Not so with the spirit of creation. For it, as its name suggests, comes out of the other end of time. It is not yet in our blood. It is only in our minds and imaginations. It comes in anything like full measure only after a positive effort of the will. It is a thing divine—as everything creative is. It is the antithesis of destruction. It is the antithesis, therefore, of war itself. *Let war beware of it!* For through it war shall end.

CHAPTER VI

SEX AND MORALE

Morale, we said at the outset, is excess of life. And our analysis of the various morales has corroborated that statement. From the lowest muscular itch for something to hit with the fist to the sublimest seeking for a heaven on earth, the formula, "excess of life," fits the phenomena of high morale. Indeed, the desire for "something more" that marks it is nothing in the world but the emotional sign of the actual presence of "something over and above" in the spirit—the instinct to translate power into action, or, as a physicist might say, potential into kinetic energy.

If, then, morale is excess of life, it is not strange that morale should have an intimate connection with sex. For sex—sexual power, that is—is itself nothing but excess of life. In the lower biological strata (before sex in its strict sense appears at all) this is so precisely true as to be visible. The individual having

attained a certain size or growth literally splits in two: divides, that is, into two individuals of the same type. The excess of "one" becomes "another." And you cannot even tell which is child and which is parent. "Cut a worm in two and you have two worms," is the loose popular way—scientifically quite inaccurate—of describing this kind of reproduction.

As we go up in the scale of living beings and the sexes become differentiated, though the process of reproduction grows immeasurably more complicated, its principle remains the same. It is still surplus life detaching itself from the old to form the new. Indeed, as soon as nutrition and the other factors of self-perpetuation and -preservation have been attended to, the tendency of practically all lower life is to use the rest of its energy to reproduce its kind, the male and female each contributing its distinct "excess of life" to the new individual.

But by the time man is reached—and long before—an astonishing difference between the sexes appears: for while the processes that precede birth tax to the utmost, generally, the stored up life of the mother, only a small fraction of the corresponding excess vitality of the father is sufficient to perpetuate the species,

leaving the rest of his energy, so far as it is not consumed in the struggle for existence, for other purposes. This simple fact has been of supreme significance in human evolution, for with that surplus energy man has worked with his hands, that manual activity has resulted in his superior brain, and that brain in turn has created art, science, philosophy, religion: in a word, civilisation.* The mother, until recently, because of the enormous demands of her part in reproduction, has been chiefly the mother of men. But the father has been less the father of men than the father of civilisation. All the beauties of the visible world, so far as they were not made by nature, are nothing but the *overflow* of his life. It seems a long road from the blind instinct that throws the sexes into each other's arms to the craving for beauty that lies at the base of all man's loftier activities. But nothing is more certain than that

* Not to imply that woman has made no contribution to civilisation! That would be absurd. She may even have originated it. Her contribution to the agricultural and household arts at any rate has been immense. Moreover, the fact that the daughter inherits from the father and the son from the mother means that the strands of contribution of the two sexes to civilisation cannot be unwoven. The statement in the text, however, is manifestly roughly true of historic civilised life.

the one has evolved out of the other. The prehistoric man who, his enemies slain, his stomach full, his sexual nature satiated, first scratched the crude picture of an elephant on a bone was the distant but direct progenitor of Athens, Florence, and Paris. Man is in a double sense a creative being: he can give of his life not only to make new individuals; he can give of it to make a new world in which he himself and those who follow him shall find, on account of that gift, fuller life.

These simple biological facts explain at a stroke why the voluptuary is the supreme enemy of life and why he has ever had only the contempt of right-thinking men; why the world, whatever its own practice or its hypocritical pretense to the contrary, has always at heart venerated the man of self-control in sexual matters. Right here I shall probably be misunderstood. By the man of self-control I do not mean the adherent of any particular code of morals or the disciple of any particular religious creed; neither do I refer to any particular type of sexual conduct, either in or out of matrimony. I refer to something higher and deeper than these things: to the control, namely, of the sexual instinct by reason and imagination—or whatever else you choose to call the

highest faculties of the soul. The man who has attained such control is, in the only right sense of the term, a pure man. And the pure man is the creative man.

All this has been for centuries a part of the clear vision of poets and prophets, just as it has been part of the dimmer and more groping apprehension of the common man. And now, just lately, comes science with detailed experimental evidence in support of the same truth.

This is no place for even an abstract of recent researches and discoveries in physiological chemistry, for a discussion of ductless glands, of hormones and chalones, and other "chemical messengers." And the less so since the field is a freshly opened one and the scientists are far from having gotten to the bottom of the matter or from agreeing with one another concerning it. Suffice it to say that in the theory of "chemical messengers" science seems to be well on the way toward establishing in more understandable form the long intuitively apprehended relation between the reproductive organs and the higher nature of man. Everywhere the essence of man's higher life is imagination. And *imagination,* we now begin to see, *is simply generative power trans-*

ferred to the brain. That statement is not a metaphor. It is a physiological fact. The modern scientific way of putting it is to say that the reproductive organs give out hormones which, passing to other parts of the body, powerfully excite the development of the secondary sexual characteristics. The old mystical and poetical way of putting it was to say, "The pure in heart shall see God." You will prefer the one expression or the other according to your temperament and training. But they come in the end to precisely the same thing.

The bearing of all this on morale, both in war and peace, especially on the supreme morale of creation, is too obvious to need dwelling on. It shows that self-control in matters of sex has a far nobler sanction than asceticism and prudery or other life-denying creeds and customs; and that dissipation is to be shunned on loftier grounds than an ignoble terror (however justified) of disease.

There was an old type of moral and religious teaching that told us we must suppress our animalities, stifle our instincts, root out our passions. But common sense, biology, and psychology have united (with a still older and better religious tradition) to prove that this teaching was not only unscientific but dangerous.

And so there has come a new teaching that tells us, not that we must annihilate our inheritance from the animal world, but that we must transform, humanise, civilise, etherealise it.

What this transformation means, our discussion of the morales, especially of the supreme morale, ought to have made clear. Here is a man with too much brute pugnacity. Instead of trying to extinguish it, he should try to transfer the seat of it—of some of it, at any rate—from the muscles to the mind and will, and wax pugnacious for a better world: for truth and beauty. Or take the craving for adventure. Instead of seeking to stifle the wanderlust in his blood, a man should contrive, if he can, to get a bit of it into his brain, and wander and soar into new realms of thought, invention, and social possibility. And so on. Gregariousness, thus, can be turned into fraternity. Blind faith in the herd leader into admiration and emulation of the genuinely superior man. Revenge and hatred into a passion for fair play. The instinct to make with the hand (though that we shall always want to keep as well as transform) into power to make with the mind and imagination: to invent and to create. *The problem of life* (and the problem of the soldier's morale is simply a special case under that general prob-

lem) *is the difficult problem of breaking with the past and keeping continuity with it at the same time.*

True of all the instincts, this law is supremely true of the sexual instinct. That instinct is the creative centre of man, and it must be both retained and transmuted. In so far as it is retained it should, even in its primary form, be uplifted from a more or less indiscriminate lust for the other sex into an idealised selective love of beauty and desire for its perpetuation and perfection:

"From fairest creatures we desire increase
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,"

as Shakespeare puts it. In so far as it is transformed into imaginative power, it should become a craving for beauty in all things, everywhere. For beauty is harmony, and harmony is peace—the only kind of peace that is not stagnation.

Far back in the Middle Ages there lived a philosopher and alchemist who had set his heart on the discovery of the Elixir of Life—the distilling of an essence with power to make human life immortal. After years of experiment

and research he found the formula for the Elixir, but he found, too, that one of its ingredients could be obtained only from a certain white mountain flower so rare that though he spent the rest of his life wandering over the face of the earth in search of it he could find only a few blossoms. These blossoms, or their extract, rather, together with his secret, he left to his son, who, taking up the quest where his father had relinquished it, added a few more flowers to the slender store before he too became grey-haired and in turn handed on the formula and the precious distillation to *his* son. At length, after many generations, the life work of many men had become a few drops of bright liquor in a tiny vial—a beginning, but not enough for the Great Experiment.

And then—one day—it was handed on to a degenerate son. He heard the secret from his dying father—and inwardly sneered at it. He received the vial—and made no effort to understand the aspiration, the determination, the sacrifice, that it represented. "Life is too short," he cried, when at length his father was buried, "to waste it in climbing rugged mountains in search of a few paltry blossoms. A white flower, indeed! Away with such childish notions. I am a *man!*" And with a derisive

laugh he broke the vial and spilled its contents on the ground. And he went and had his pleasure.

That story, as you have divined, is not history but fable. It needs no interpretation. It is a symbol of the infinite cost at which life has been accumulated, of the infinite debt, therefore, which we who inherit it owe to the past.

The Elixir of Life is not a dream. It is a fact. Life itself is the Elixir of Life. (Why should we dream of that which we possess?) Whether in the germ cell or in the imagination it is a thing creative—and therefore a thing divine. It is ours: ours to add to and hand on; or ours to dissipate thanklessly and senselessly, to pour out, like degenerate sons, upon the ground.

Every one adores the patriot and condemns the traitor. The patriot, in the one good sense of the term, is the man who sees so clearly the value of the spiritual patrimony that his ancestors toiled and fought and suffered to hand on to him that he will *give his life*—in either of the two senses of those words—to defend, to perpetuate, to enhance it. The traitor, on the other hand, is the man who is so blind to

that inheritance that for some selfish end he is willing to betray it. What unbounded scorn we have for the Frenchman who betrays France, for the Englishman who betrays England, for the American who betrays the United States! Indeed, if the war let us keep our reason, we had far more contempt for the German who betrayed Germany for gain or pleasure than for the most loyal of the honestly deluded followers of the Kaiser.

But there is something worse than betraying France, or England, or the United States, or Germany. There is such a thing as betraying life itself. France, England, and the rest, for all that their best inheritances mean, are only nations, and will not last forever. But life will last forever. And the voluptuary is a traitor to the principle of life itself. Being a traitor to life as a whole, he becomes, by that fact, a blacker traitor than any spy or plotter to that fragment of life—France, England, or some other land—that is his country. Of all types of men he is the most insidious enemy of high morale, the complete antithesis of that incarnation of high morale, the creative man.

CHAPTER VII

MORALE AND RECONSTRUCTION

Is our high morale destined to end with the war? After the tension, must there come relaxation? After the enthusiasm, apathy? After the vigilance, irresponsibility? After the sacrifice, selfishness?

There are sound reasons for fearing exactly these things. The period following our own Civil War was the most sordid in our history. For four years we fought to free the slaves; and when the task was finished we proceeded to surrender ourselves, more abjectly than any slaves, into the hands of political pirates and industrial brigands. Walt Whitman, seer that he was, prophesied what was coming. It took but a few years to bring the fulfilment of his words. Those words, therefore, ought to come as a terrific warning to us to-day, standing, as we do, on the threshold of an age which, unless our wills decree otherwise, will witness their second fulfilment on a new and gigantic scale.

I give only a few fragments from the poet's astounding vision of corruption. "Respondez! Respondez!" he cries, as if he were writing at the conclusion of the Great War:

The war is completed—the price is paid—the title is settled beyond recall;
Let every one answer! let those who sleep be waked! let none evade!
Must we still go on with our affectations and sneaking?
Let me bring this to a close—I pronounce openly for a new distribution of rôles; . . .
Let faces and theories be turn'd inside out! let meanings be freely criminal as well as results!
Let there be no suggestion above the suggestion of drudgery!
Let the theory of America still be management, caste, comparison! (Say! what other theory would you?)
Let there be no God!
Let there be money, business, imports, exports, custom, authority, precedents, pallor, dyspepsia, smut, ignorance, unbelief!
Let all the men of These States stand aside for a few smouchers! let the few seize on what they choose! let the rest gawk, giggle, starve, obey!
Let the preachers recite creeds! let them still teach only what they have been taught!
Let insanity still have charge of sanity!

Let books take the place of trees, animals, rivers, clouds!
Let the daub'd portraits of heroes supersede heroes!
Let the reflections of the things of the world be studied in mirrors! let the things themselves still continue unstudied!
Let the limited years of life do nothing for the limitless years of death! (What do you suppose death will do, then?)

What can avert the refulfilment on a world scale of this ghastly prophecy? Nothing, save the transformation into social equivalents of the military virtues. The whole problem of reconstruction, on its psychological side, is the problem of carrying over into peace the high morale of war.

Health, Collective Consciousness, Hitting Force, Thirst for Adventure, Inventive Skill, Team-work, the Passion for Justice, Loyalty and Devotion, Creative Power: these are not military virtues alone. They are the stuff of which any peace that is not stagnation must be shaped. They are the raw material of Utopia itself. For peace, we begin to perceive, is not so much war annihilated as it is war translated out of brutal into human terms. The pacific virtues are nothing but the military virtues moving in another world and dedicated to creative instead

of to destructive ends. Run down the list and see if it is not so:

Health is close to the heart of the soldier's high morale. Should it not be also of the citizen's? Never will nations begin to be what they have in them to be until they learn that physical fitness is as essential to the victories of peace as it is to the victories of war. The flabby muscles, the sluggish blood, the blurred eye, the unsteady hand, the torpid brain, those sure products of the laxities and intemperances of undisciplined material prosperity, are as inconsistent with clear vision and the constructive tasks of peace as they are with efficiently conducted war. Quite apart from the army, the war has physically invigorated America. We must not let our better habits go. We must continue to keep "fit."

We must continue, too, to maintain a collective consciousness. Never shall we have a civilisation worth the name until men learn to feel together, to think together, to act together, in matters of social betterment as they do in matters of military necessity. In war, fear binds men to one another and lifts them out of their petty and selfish interests. Why will not men do for hope, what they will do for fear? For life, what they will do for death? The art of

peace is the art of turning the gregariousness of fear into a gregariousness of hope—the gregariousness of death into a gregariousness of life.

In this art of peace each of the military morales finds its pacific counterpart.

Never will the forces of greed and ignorance that from time out of mind have dominated the earth be reduced to impotence until there is a host of young warriors ready to assail them with the same fearlessness and élan—the same pugnacity, if you will—which has made the Marne, Verdun, and the rest, names to conjure with.

Never will men abandon their sordid quest for gold until they discover that life offers an endless number of other adventures more beautiful and more exciting—and infinitely more rewarding.

Never will the horrors of our industrial strife be banished—a strife in the long run as cruel as war itself—until men come to see that labour is of two kinds, work and drudgery; that the drudgery of the world must be socialised by being more equitably distributed and by being performed in the spirit of team-work (pending the day when it can be handed over to machines).

The soldier of civilisation who is inspired by

this truth has carried over the passion for justice from the battlefields of war to those of peace—for justice, socially interpreted, can mean just one thing: equality.

And in this passion for justice the *passion* is as important as the *justice*. Justice, to be effective, must be more than cold economic theory. It must be sound economics and politics kindled by human feeling. Loyalty, devotion, sacrifice, and the rest of the patriotic sentiments and affections, must be enlisted in the cause of civic progress as they always are in the cause of military victory.

And finally, in peace as in war, the creative spirit is the crown of all the virtues, the divine energy that must be counted on to save Utopia itself from the insipidity of perfection by pointing to other, and yet other, Utopias beyond.

Utopia! It is a word to bring contempt to the lips of practical men. And yet a main practical product of the war is exactly this: it has taught us that Utopia need not remain a dream. Never again when some social amelioration is proposed can the "practical man" as in the past throw over it the cold water of his supercilious "it would cost too much." The sober economic facts of this war have put to shame the most millennial imagination. We had not

begun to grasp the wealth and productive capacity of man. If humanity, with its youth and strength dedicated to destruction and death, with thousands of tons of the work of its hands going daily to the bottom of the Atlantic, can carry on its life, what ought it to be able to do with life with all its energies concentrated on construction and creation? For all but imbeciles, the war has given a last quietus to that hoary lie that dirt and disease, poverty and ignorance, have to be. They do not have to be. Henceforth only nations of low morale will tolerate them.

We have fought a war to make the world, as we say, safe for democracy. But in saying it we generally make a grave mistake. We think of democracy, in America, as a fact accomplished. Democracy is not a fact accomplished. Democracy is an ideal. The freest nation on earth, whichever it be, has taken but a few steps along the long road that leads to the true Commonwealth of Man.

The war to make the world safe for that crude beginning of the democratic experiment which we and others have achieved has been well fought. And now a new conflict looms before us—the war for the carrying through of that experiment. For do not imagine that its con-

tinuance will be uncontested! It will be bitterly contested. And the tragedy of it will be that many a soldier who proved himself a hero in the earlier struggle will come home only to prove himself a coward in the coming one—abandoning in a life of selfish pleasure the unfinished cause for which he fought. And many a citizen whose son gave his blood for democracy across the water will spend the rest of his days seeking to defeat democracy at home. But not all will be deserters. There will be others, soldiers and citizens, who will see the truth and stand the test of those great words of Whitman's:

Wert capable of war—its tug and trials? Be capable
of peace, its trials;
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last
in peace—not war.

To the one party or the other, the victory, in the war for and against democracy which is before us, will fall. In that conflict there will be neutrality for no one. Those who are not for democracy will be against it.

It is up to *you*.

On which side do you fight?

And is your morale high?

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
RENEWALS ONLY—TEL. NO. 642-3405
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD SEP 24 70 -3 PM 18
RET'D SEP 18 1981
RET'D SEP 29 1981
JUN 27 19
NOV
MAR 6
LD 21-100m-9

LD21A-60m-3,'70
(N5382s10)476-A-32
General Library
University of California
Berkeley

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C054812378

396684

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY